

11658 f. 22

THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT

WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

A P O E M.

BOOK THE FIRST.



BREATHES there a spirit on this ample orb

That owns affection for no favourite clime,

Such as the sordid passions ne'er absorb,

Glowing in generous hearts unchill'd by time?

Is it, ye sophists say, a venial crime

To damp the love of home with scornful mirth?

Tho', led by scientific views sublime,

Ye range, with various search, the realms of earth,

Seeks no returning sigh the region of your birth?

Yes! there are bands by which the soul is linkt

To favourite scenes—attaching all our kind:

Nor are the local sympathies extinct,

But only dormant in the sensual mind.

Nor can the philosophic few refin'd

The homeborn instinct from their bosoms chase:

The worldling still, tho' veering as the wind,

And the proud sage, whose plans the world embrace,

Some lingering hope retain, some wish inspir'd by place.

Say, whence, so cherisht by familiar scenes,

This partial fondness? Go—the mind survey:

Mark it, where such a preference intervenes.

Behold, “the throng’d ideal hosts” display

Their never-ending series. In array

One rank arises: sudden, a new train

In quick effulgence flashes to the day:

And lo, the close confederates of the brain,

Connected as they start, confess the secret chain.

’Tis from *resemblance* we observe one thought

A thought of corresponding shape excite:

Nor less from *contrast* are the ideas brought

Wak’d by opposing images, to light:

And thus the present and the past unite.

Nor seldom, one clear image brings to view

Myriads, from *contiguity* more bright;

While, as we gaze upon their kindling hue,

We court each airy form, and deem the vision true.

Thus

Thus as in magic portraiture the past
Emerging, glows before the mental eye ;
MEMORY retains the picture fleeting fast,
While FANCY gives it an illusive dye,
And the fond PASSIONS all their warmth supply :
Yet JUDGMENT interposes, to repress
The volatile ideas mantling high ;
Left they should flutter in too wild a dress,
Or by their dancing shapes the dizzy brain distress.

'Tis in these *powers—affections*—that we own,
Borne on excursive pinion, pure *delight* ;
Yet *more or less*, as some with stronger tone
Prevail or sink before superior might.
But to localities, to speed our flight,
Fondly recurring, lo, we borrow aid
From objects that, presented to the sight,
Refresh the faint ideas as they fade,
Or call them into day from pale oblivion's shade.

Thus, with delight still keener, our career

We wing: and hence, more anxious to survey
The friendly spot, we hold its features dear.

Thus, recollecting life's mild-opening day,
If local objects but a tint display,
The eye, quick-glistening, the sweet tint perceives:

And hence, the kind assistance to repay,
The heart, as for a moment it believes
Its long-lost joys restor'd, with grateful ardor heaves.

SUCH is the local love. But not alone

Is man to sympathizing scenes awake:
The bird and beast the same sensations own,
And from localities the impression take;
Tho' but a moment they an effort make
To recollect or image; tho' their frame

But with a transitory fervor shake:
Still, from one favourite spot, a sacred flame
Seems, with its wizard line, to circumscribe their aim.

The

The wandering dove, amid pale wintery skies,
Far off, remembers her accustom'd nest,
And down the gloom, o'er many a long vale, flies,
Till there, with weary wing, she sinks to rest:
The dog, exulting, scours wide woods, in quest
Of his bemoaned home, with broken chain:
The warrior horse, by foreign toil oppress'd,
Quickens his eager pace, as, once again,
He views the hoof-beat road, within his pasture-plain.

Nor, as revisiting the palmy grove
That waves where Ganges rolls his yellow tide,
Does the sage elephant at random rove,
But winding round the gem-fraught mountain-side,
On the known valley glances looks of pride
Where he had once, fierce victor, with the blood
Of his mail'd enemy the foliage dyed:
Then o'er the feats of youth he seems to brood,
Rears his proboscis high, and hails the conscious wood.

Meanwhile, we give not to the brutes the joys
That memory's more extensive power bestows;
Since, chiefly as accustom'd scenes arise
To sense, each animal the emotion shews.
Yet ever new to man, the enjoyment flows,
As Memory her transporting vision rears!
There Fancy's fire, there generous Passion glows,
As fast-illum'd, the landscape reappears
Replete with shadowy forms, thro' the long lapse of years!

These sympathies in vulgar breasts to implant
Heaven loves. I hear the Grecian pilot sigh,
Amid the slumbering shores of the Levant:
I see him lift to heaven his melting eye.
"Here, (he exclaims, with mingled grief and joy)
Within my Tenedos, the favour'd isle,
"Once lay the fable ships that conquer'd Troy!
"Behold (he utters with a conscious smile)
"The spot where chiefs were nurs'd, and glory crown'd
their toil."

Yet

Yet 'tis the lot alone of souls refin'd
By taste, to feel the luxury that springs
From all the varied energies of mind:
To such, how oft a trivial object brings
The sweetly-pencil'd view, where Fancy flings
The tender colors of the autumnal sheaf;
While, as she sports within her faery rings,
Mixing the vivid tears of joy and grief,
She clothes each pictur'd form with rays of soft relief.

Tho' o'er his master's bow, so long unstrung,
An eye of sorrow good Eumæus cast,
Tho' old Philætiæus o'er the quiver hung,
Pierc'd by a quick remembrance of the past;
Yet was it theirs to own those feelings chaste,
Those sympathies that mov'd the widow'd fair?
Yet was it theirs, inspir'd by kindred taste,
As on an object of their fondest care
To muse, and from delight to steal a pensive air?

I see her slow the lofty stairs ascend !

I see her bosom heave delicious sighs !

Now o'er the bow I see the mourner bend,

While myriads of illusions round her rise

From the sweet relic of affection's ties,

The chronicle of many a blissful hour;

That, as the big tear trembles in her eyes,

Recals her vanished days with soothing power,

Soft as in dreams we paint the fair Elysian bower.

Lo, by a fine ethereal spirit led,

Mid olive groves we trace Ilyssus' streams;

Or hail the solemn spot where Cato bled;

Or, where the ruin of Iona gleams,

Cherish, in holy trance, romantic dreams;

Or, with a filial tenderness, recal

Each monument of early youth that teems

With classic thought—the school's awe-breathing wall,

The bosom-thrilling bench, the academic hall.

Hence

Hence Tully, where Sicilian landscapes bloom,
Own'd all the enthusiast's fervor, as he found
Mouldering and clasp'd by briars, the sage's tomb :
In Tully's raptur'd mind 'twas hallow'd ground.
Hence, on a day that mark'd each annual round,
Due rites the muse-devoted Silius paid
Where the shagg'd steeps of Posilippo frown'd:
Hence, sweet Boccacio's vivid fancy play'd
Embower'd with Virgil's self amid the hoary shade.

Thus, then, to local objects that revive
Our former feelings, a delightful bond
Links us in friendly union; as alive
To sympathy, our bosoms correspond
With walks or arbors. Thus affection fond
That, unexcited by the scene, would rest
In dull stagnation, like a mantled pond,
Now, like a clear brisk current, flows confest,
Sparkles to fancy's ray, and cherishes the breast.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF THE

EMPEROR

OF THE

CHINESE

EMPEROR

OF THE

CHINESE

EMPEROR

OF THE

CHINESE

EMPEROR

OF THE

CHINESE

EMPEROR

OF THE

CHINESE

EMPEROR

OF THE

CHINESE

THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT

WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Thus, then, the plastic mind my muse surveys
With forms by each external scene imprest;
As Memory, more or less, her power displays,
Or Fancy, brooking not a moment's rest,
Or those prime movers of the generous breast
The Passions: stealing sweets from all around,
They to our being give a keener zest;
While, as we wander on our native ground,
We call back former years at every sight and sound!

Behold,

Behold, on beasts this fondness habit graves

Deep as the chissel'd figure grav'd on stone :

And, from the rocks where ice-clad Hecla raves

To where swart Afric pants beneath the zone,

All feel their nerves with energetic tone

Vibrate to some congenial soil, and strung

For a peculiar air. Yet, we disown

Incredulous, the storied beasts that sprung,

Each to his kindred earth, and o'er his parent hung.

Nor less, from use, the sons of reason mark

Their native skies, their heart-responding home;

Whether those skies be azure-bright, or dark

With fullen tempest; whether lordly dome

Or shed be theirs. Still, sighing deep, they roam

Far from the umbrageous grove, or village green;

Nor wander over Ocean's angry foam,

Without a hope once more to trace serene

Where peace hath smooth'd her wing, the dear familiar scene.

HERE, where, descending from the sea-worn cliffs
In his own heavy cloud of darkness clad,
Full oft his watery pennons Auster lifts
And wraps the extensive isle in sudden shade,
Tho' vernal sunbeams were effus'd, to glad
Our landscapes, from Cornubia vein'd with ore
To Scotia's heaths that triumph in the plaid;
The Briton still prefers the changeful shore
To Egypt's cloudless plains where no rude tempests roar.

Yes! o'er his acres the green barley-blade
He values more than fields of clustering rice;
And rather shapes his way thro' plashy glade
Where crackles, at each step, the sheeted ice,
Than mid gay groves of cassia, that entice
The soul to pleasure, far diffusing balm:
To him more dear the oak-crown'd precipice,
Than the deep verdure of date-crested palm,
Where all is lap'd in ease, one languor-breathing calm.

To

To him more sweet thro' ashen woods to rove,
As eddying winds the foliage round him whirl,
Than cull the blossoms of an orange-grove
Skirted by rose-tree bowers, where rivulets purl
Mid basil tufts, and odorous breezes curl
The stream besprent with many a silver lot; [cote ;
While, on the smooth canal, light ships unfurl
Their sportive sails, and gently as they float,
Flutter the billing doves, and croud the neighbouring

While the gay-gilded mosque shines, half-conceal'd
By tamarinds and the broad-leav'd fycamore,
And, as beneath their trembling verdure veil'd,
Airs, Eden-born, delicious incense pour
Softening the fervors of the summer-hour ;
While rich pomegranates bid their cooling seeds
To the parcht palate a keen sense restore,
And, round each whispering islet of cane reeds,
Its melon's grateful pulp the tepid water feeds.

Not ivory palaces, their roofs inlaid

With massy gold, where thrones of coral glow
Starr'd with the gems of Ormuz; not the shade

Ambrosial, waving its peach-flowers that blow
To pearly grapes, and kiss the turf below,
The genuine son of Albion could induce

His dairy-meads, his fallows to forego:
Not all the fruits, that bloom o'er every sluice,
Would, in his mind, outvie the redstreak's vermeil juice.

Nor, if to innocence a gentle smile

Beam, placid as the May's mild morning-break;
If, with a modest blush, to mark our isle,

Mantle to veins of azure the fair cheek;

Are not the charms of foreign beauty weak,
Beauty, that wantons with voluptuous air?

Can jetty ringlets that adorn the neck,
Sleek as they glisten to the sunny glare,
Rival, O Albion's dames, your amber-brightening hair?

Yet pleasure views and trembles at the gaze;
Those glossy tresses their luxuriance spread
To roseate essences; the diamond-blaze
Of many a crescent on the turban'd head,
Or the pearl-lustre as by rainbows fed;
The full dark eye; the panting of the breast
Thro' gauze that seems to kindle; limbs that shed
Purpureal light by filken folds carest,
And the rich zone that checks the thin transparent vest.

See as the rose-lipt Almé weave the dance,
To melting airs they move, in amorous play;
Or, arch with nods and wreathed smiles, they glance
Their nimble feet to frolic measures gay:
The cymbal's notes to love new warmth convey;
The burning aloe breathes its fragrance round.
O'er all the light saloon with sparkling ray
The diamond trembles to the dancer's bound,
While with fantastic mirth the dizzy roofs resound.

See glowing virgins lave the polished limb,

What time they bid the musky bath exhale

Its steaming odors, and along the brim

The dalliance of the loves lascivious hail :

Or, when the clear night wafts her cooling gale,

See their fine forms, as eve's last colours die,

Slow on the flower-embroider'd terrace fail ;

While, glittering thro' its whole expanse, the sky

With its deep azure shade relieves the wearied eye.

Yes!—Home still charms: and he, who, clad in fur,

His rapid rein-deer drives o'er plains of snow,

Would rather to the same wild tracts recur

That various life had mark'd with joy or woe,

Than wander, where the spicy breezes blow

To kiss the hyacinths of Azza's hair——

Rather, than where luxuriant summers glow,

To the white mosses of his hills repair

And bid his antler-train the simple banquet share.

All love their native spot; whether beside
Their ice-ribb'd mountains thro' a waste of night,
They catch the frost gales from the stormy tide,
And shiver to the boreal flashes bright;
Or, if the sun vouchsafe a noonday light,
Hail, from the crags, his faint reflected beams, [height,
And slide o'er mouldering bridge, from height to
Where pine or ebony, or benreed gleams, [streams:
To float their huge-hewn planks, along the gulphy

Or, whether blinded by the solar glare
The moon-ey'd Indian amid poison'd dews
Tainting the breeze, to balsam groves repair,
And sleep, tho' venom many a plant diffuse:
Or whether he who journeys o'er Peru's
Re-echoing caverns, heap his gold, to pave
The streets with ingots, oft as he pursues
His burthen'd beast, to where the boiling wave
Once swallow'd Lima's walls, a universal grave.

E'en

E'en now where rages red Vesuvio's flame,
Scarce from the fluid rocks his offspring fly;
Tho' cities, strown around, of ancient name,
The monuments of former vengeance lie.
And we have mark'd the indissoluble tie
By which a myriad down the yawning gloom
Descended erst, as Etna fir'd the sky——
By which a myriad that escap'd the doom, [tomb.
Cling to the sulphur'd spot, and clasp their comrade's

NO country, then, is fair to all alike;
No landscape with inherent beauty glows:
But different objects different creatures strike,
Whether Peruvian suns, or Greenland snows,
The mind alone, from habitude, bestows
On each familiar form its shadowy grace:
Thus a sweet spring of satisfaction flows,
Or to the human or the bestial race,
From that ideal source—the charm attacht to place.

I have written you a long letter
but I have not time to write
more than a few lines to tell
you that I am well and hope
you are the same. I am
very much interested in
the progress of your
studies and hope you will
continue to make good
advances. I am sure you will
succeed in all your
endeavors. I am
your affectionate
father

THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT

WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

BOOK THE THIRD.

WHILST in each bosom glows the local fire,
Let us the sympathetic passion trace;
Whether our bliss the *present* scene inspire,
Or, *absent* from a long-frequented place,
The shadows of the past with pain we chase;
Or, *after* years of foreign toil, we hail
Our dear horizon, eager to embrace
Perchance, the comforts of the cottag'd vale,
And round the cheerful hearth to tell our travell'd tale.

If, where we first observ'd its kindling dawn,
We note the local sympathy display'd,
There, to no treachery-smiling haunt withdrawn,
Its pure delights with fancy only fade !
There, by the sunny hill or mid the shade,
Memory her portraiture still fresh reviews ;
And, as clear brooks or alders lend their aid,
Back e'en to frolic infancy pursues [hues,
Life's many-colour'd forms, thro' passion's changeful

In *absence* only from our natal ground,
With sickly grief we languish, tho' we rank
Our sorrows high: Warm suns may beam around:
Yet is a foreign land one gloomy blank.
There, as on Lethe's spectre-crouded bank,
Flitting at memory's feeble call, enlist
The ideal hosts. There, all obscure and dank,
No clear localities the mind assist;
But 'tis a dizzy scene, involv'd in floating mist,

Then,

Then, then, we glory in the feeling tear,

Poor solitary tribute of regret!

Then, if a momentary pleasure cheer

Our aching bosoms, bidding us forget

Those objects which our earliest passion met,

We wish, more ardent, to bring back to view

Our slighted love, and pant to pay the debt

So fondly deem'd from cold indifference due,

And think our callous hearts to gratitude untrue.

Thy sons, O Israel! by Euphrates wept,

When they remember'd Zion's holy walls.

Their tuneless harps along the willows slept:

For Hebrew songs the taunting victor calls.

"Alas! while dire misfortune thus befalls

"An exil'd train far, far from Siloam's fount,

"Say, can the heavy heart chaunt madrigals?

"Ah! days of deeper woe be ours to count,

"If, Zion! we forget thy everlasting mount!"

Thus

Thus Daniel, as before his God he knelt,

Where Babylon's proud ensigns flash'd dismay,

A livelier spirit of devotion felt,

Opening his window to the balmy day

That linger'd where his natal city lay!

Thither as fond imagination flew,

He hover'd with the sun's descending ray;

And to the God of Israel nearer drew,

While rose in glorious pomp all Salem to his view!

Pining for Ithaca, Laërtes' son

O'er the long billows cast his saddening eyes,

Nor listen'd by the sweet enchantress won;

Tho', "here eternal summer blooms! (she cries)

"Here verdure brightens in ambrosial skies;

"Here gentle loves on rosy pinions play!

"Come, happy mortal! seize the present joys;

"Come to my grot, where rills refresh the day,

"Tinkle to curling airs and wind their amber way!"

Yet,

Yet, his heart fluttering for his little isle,
Ulysses vainly to luxuriant bowers
Calypso lur'd. He scorn'd her harlot smile !
Nor spicy groves, nor everlasting flowers,
Nor grottoes, where the soft voluptuous hours
Danc'd hand in hand, nor rapture's couch had charms ;
Mid glowing dalliance still his plaint he pours;
Still, unsubdued by all that passion warms, [arms.
Sighs for his sea-beat rock, tho' clasp'd in Beauty's

To tuneful Ovid exil'd far from home,
Thy sweetest numbers, Elegy ! we owe—
Those strains that, for a moment, sooth'd his doom,
As the kind muse, to charm the eye of woe,
Spread o'er his former years a vivid glow.
Yet, in his lonely walks, he wont to mourn ;
“ Ah, my poor book ! (he cries) thou, thou wilt go
“ Without thy master, to the city borne,
“ Unconscious of thy fate while here I rove forlorn !”

Beneath

Beneath the storms that shake the dreary pole,
Behold his whitening temples! See him sink
A prey to agony that rends his soul!
Lo, burst each social, each endearing link,
With trembling knees he totters on the brink
Of fate! Yet, midst the Pontic horrors pale,
Tho' "o'er the bitterness of death he think,"
Yet on the distant wave a glimmering sail
He kens with kindling hope till dusky twilight fail!

Precipitous and wild, Helvetia holds
By ties, perhaps more strong, the simple breast:
His arms the languid Swiss, in absence, folds,
And longs for his bleak mountain's snowy crest.
Tho' silver-lulling streams solicit rest,
And tepid breezes fan the fair alcoves,
Where seems to glow the Elysium of the blest,
Reluctant from his pinewood gloom, he roves
Thro' soft savannahs warm, thro' gay-green whispering
groves.

Lur'd not by beauties that around him blaze,

He wings his spirit to the rocky hill ;

And, unbewilder'd by the magic maze,

He singles out his cataract, his rill,

The fide-long fallow he was wont to till,

His crag-percht hut to all his wishes dear !

How vain, alas ! his throbbing heart to still !

When forms far off, to Fancy's eye so near,

Now float within his grasp, now fainting disappear !

E'en where the blasts of war the forest shake,

Tho' leagu'd with conquering troops he firmly stand ;

If some soft note his early dreams awake,

Some note that sweetly paints his native land ;

Strait, falls the sabre from his nerveless hand !

And, woe-begone till moment meet he find

To steal unheeded from the foreign band,

He flies ; and, as he hears in every wind

A murmur, casts full oft a fearful look behind.

And

And see in durance the fast-fading boy :

Mid Wykeham's walls his dulcet sorrows heave :

Fled are his fairy dreams of homely joy.

Ah frowns too chilling, that his soul bereave

Of all that frolic fancy long'd to weave

In his paternal woods ! His hands he wrings

In anguish ! Yet some balm his sorrows leave

To soothe his fainting spirit, as he sings,

And suits to every sigh the sweetly-warbling strings.

O he had notch'd, unweeting of distress,

The hours of school-boy toil ! Nor irksome flew

The moments—for, each morn, his score was less !

Visions of vacant home yet brighter grew ;

When lo ! stern fate obscur'd the blissful view !

Droops his sick heart. And “ ah, dear fields (he cries)

“ Ye bloom no more ! Dear native fields, adieu !”

‘ Home, charming home,’ still plaintive echo sighs ;

And to his parting breath the dulcet murmur dies.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile *returning* to our native hearth,
How keen the pleasure that our grief repays;
When, drinking every gale from kindred earth
As redolent of youth's refreshing days,
Fancy the wonders of her art displays;
And o'er each object we in absence mourn'd
Shedding the richness of her faery rays,
Bids e'en the little hedgerow that we scorn'd
Rise in a mellow light by some new charm adorn'd.

Lo, as he hails his own congenial soil,
What joys the way-worn traveller's bosom fill,
When, after many a danger, many a toil,
He seeks the covert of his native hill!
Sudden he feels a dear delicious thrill
At the first gleaming of his distant trees;
And hastens to the clump that shades the mill;
And deems it an illusion, as he sees
His oak from childhood lov'd, yet waving to the breeze.

With

With quivering hand he opes his lighten'd door,

Eyes, in his pannell'd hall, each welcome chair;

Penfive surveys the windows o'er and o'er,

That all his waken'd feelings seem to share !

(Sweet recompense for long, long years of care !)

And many a silent tear 'tis his to shed,

As, tremulous for joy his steps repair

To his old chamber, where his weary head

May press secure at last, his own accustom'd bed.

Thus pleasant to his fond poetic soul

Catullus saw once more the lucid tide

Around the green banks of his Sirmio roll,

And hail'd his tranquil home now dim-descried;

Happy at length, his labors laid aside,

Amid his oliv'd island to repose !

" Here, on my own old couch (the master cried)

" Shall I dismiss a train of wakeful woes ;

" Here, in delicious sleep, my heavy eyelids close."

Such

Such were the ideas which electric ran
Thro' Xenophon's faint troops, when opening bright
A prospect of the sea surpris'd the van
Now gaining the Carduchan mountains height :
" The sea ! the sea !" they shouted with delight,
As trembled quick in every eye the tear !
Each o'er the billows strain'd his aching sight ;
And, as " the sea " re-echoed from the rear,
Already seem'd to grasp the home his soul held dear.

SO fervent for our homes, in life, in death,
We bid the sympathies of nature swell ;
There happy to resign our vital breath
Where in fond youth we own'd the trancing spell.
The local passion yet should pride repel,
Should fordid interest quench this partial love ;
No more attracted by the silent dell,
The sweetly-bubbling fount, the sheltering grove,
Would not, too wildly wing'd, the restless spirit rove ?

Go, sons of Albion ! smother the pure flame
That all your fathers had so fondly fed ;
Then tell me, are your social ties the same ?
Say, whither is the sweet illusion fled ?
Go, seek, by more sagacious wisdom led,
Some genial spot by balmier nature blest !
Go, where the laws a milder influence shed !
But of its generous cares the soul divest,
As local sighs no more disturb the impartial breast !

Yes, British youths ! the love of home inspires
Generous affections ! Is not the retreat
Where burn the filial, the parental fires,
Full oft the nursery of the good and great ;
Where friendship kindles an heroic heat,
And linkt amid the hospitable hall,
Bosoms in sympathetic union beat ;
Whence, if their country good or ill befall,
They rise with noble warmth, they start at honor's
call ?

O say,

O say, ye scowling cynics who deride

All tendernefs of feeling, and austere
Glance the cold eye of philosophic pride

On those to whom domestic scenes are dear;

Say, when in quick emotion starts the tear
To valor's eye, ignobly does it flow?

Does not the patriot check the dread career
Of hostile squadrons, and with manly glow
Shielding his menac'd land, avert the fateful blow?

Does he not bid wide forests wave around,
And o'er the vales autumnal fruitage bloom?
Does he not bid the harmonious anvil found,
And speed the fervid labors of the loom,
Where silence hover'd o'er a waste of gloom?

Say, tho' the vengeance of his hand hath hurl'd
The shaft of death, to seal the invader's doom,
Are not his awe-inspiring sails unfurl'd
His country to enrich, yet blefs the enlighten'd world?

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT

WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

WHILE now the mind, in one wide view display'd,
(Tho' trac'd with rapid strokes the sketch be flight)
Where fair Localities its action aid,
From memory, fancy, passion, draws delight;
Lo, as its powers——affections thus unite,
Some, with a genuine ardor unrepres'd,
The sweet emotion more intense excite:
'Tis theirs to pierce with keener thrills the breast,
Till others coldly rise, and vaunt the imperious crest.

See Fancy and the tenderer passions move
With feelings far more exquisite the soul.
Full oft hath Fancy rais'd the blooming grove
On the black waste, or high where sea-waves roll,
Soft o'er the surge with fine illusion stole,
And in smooth azure cloath'd the halcyon scene:
Then doubt not but she spreads, while no controul,
While no rude checks from reason intervene,
E'en on the humblest home the faery light serene.

'Tis in the gentler passions to inspire
The wold where solitude far brooding frown'd,
With social ardor, with congenial fire.
Lo, the dank mead by wintry gloom embrown'd,
Pity relieves, and Love attires the ground
With flowers: Lo, Sorrow melting in a tear
Breathes her own sympathy the rocks around:
Then doubt not, but the soft affections here
Can many a day o'erpass to memory's eye endear.

Meantime,

Meantime, where reason boasts its influence cold,
Imagination falters, too confin'd;
And, where the less ingenuous passions hold
Dominion o'er the mercenary mind,
No more we welcome with complacence kind
The mirror that reflects our fleeting hours :
Then wonder not, that memory, disinclin'd
To mimic sunshine while the thunder lours, [bowers.
Nor strays thro' wood walks dim, nor talks with silent
Lo, at peculiar seasons fancy reigns
With gentler passion : Then, without allay,
Lives all our fondness amid local scenes :
But when relax'd, she rules with feeble sway,
Behold the home-born sympathies decay :
Thus, whether we observe *youth's* roseate bloom,
The *brow care-furrow'd*, or the *temples grey*,
Or *prosperous fortune*, or a *barb'rous doom*,
We see them rise, or sink, or their first warmth resume.

IF the muse glance on many-featur'd life,

She marks the point where *youth* first meets the cares

That, in a restless world, alas ! too rife,

(So cruel fate ordains) each being shares.

'Tis at that point that vivid fancy wears

To the fond eye a more enchanting smile !

'Tis at that point that generous passion bears

The enthusiast far from trouble and from guile,

Spurning the venal path where busy mortals toil !

Then, but half-conscious of a fear, we grasp

Each trembling hope that flutters round the heart ;

Then, feeling a slight sting from care, the wisp

We scorn, nor own the transitory smart.

Yet, with spontaneous retrospect, we dart

To the sweet dawn of life a longing look ;

And woo, where memory marks her faithful chart,

The primros'd hedge, green lane, or willowy brook,

The o'ershadow'd stile, or ash that rocks the cawing

rook.

Then,

Then, whether the returning forms of years
Featur'd with pain or pleasure we behold ;
The local mirror to our eye appears
Burnisht with magic rays from fancy's gold.
And then, realities arise, too cold
For meditation ; while in all the past
We see the story of the future told :
And lo, already hath the heart embrac'd
The illusive train of hopes that reason vainly chas'd !

Lo, thro' the veil of time, the traits of grief
Softened by such a tender tint arise,
That we prefer the sorrow in relief
To all the placid view of vanished joys,
Yes ! if the scene where tears had fill'd our eyes,
Present the mellow'd lineaments of woe,
With deeper interest such a scene we prize ;
While, every sweet sensation to bestow,
Here with peculiar grace the gentler passions glow.

Absoorb'd

Aborb'd by Desdemona's rueful fate,
By poor Monimia's have I seen the young.
In all the stillness of suspense they sat!
And, as their nerves to agony were strung,
Their breasts what exquisite sensations wrung!
Yet, when the terror-breathing tale was o'er,
Still to the visionary scene they clung,
As fond each fine emotion to restore;
Tho' faint to other eyes the illusion shone no more.

Yes! 'tis for minds unpractis'd in the world
To view such pictures with a transient pain;
And, tho' o'er frenzy's wild a moment hurl'd,
Yet feel no dizzy fever of the brain.
Perhaps they bid a tear their cheeks distain:
And then, as drops the curtain o'er the past,
They wander, in a trance of grief, again,
Each soft impression mellowed than the last,
Till Pity on the soul her gentle shadow cast.

So when the summer eve, with crimson bredes
Lilac and gold, by faery fingers meint,
Tinctures her horizontal cloud; recedes
In soft gradation, every vivid teint;
Till milder glories, paler blushes paint
Its melting form, where set the solar ball—
Till, as the colors in deep azure faint,
In clear serenity the shadows fall,
And melancholy reigns, and wraps in stillness all,

Far other beams from fancy's lamp, illumine
Those who the furrows of experience wear.
Dull is the light that moves the lurid gloom
Of spirits long inur'd to many a care.
And, as the less ingenuous passions share
The bosom of the worldling, what avails
A ray from kind affection glimmering there?
Alas! when memory lives, yet fancy fails,
Vain are familiar groves and sympathizing dales.

Far-gone in life, their pleasure-gilded prime
The busy scarce with rapid glance review;
But turn with quick aversion from the time
Which melancholy mark'd with sombre hue,
Or on the picture brood with minds that rue
Misfortune frowning too distinct and clear;
And (while the shade of sorrow to renew
Pale memory labours, to herself severe) [year.
Cloud with the gathering gloom full many a future
Poetic woes, resembling truth, too deep,
Say, is it theirs, care-visag'd, to support?
They tremble in suspense: they cannot weep.
Nor, as the venom'd bowl and dagger court
Despair's wild gaze, to fancy's orb resort,
Bidding its ray relieve the fullen breast.
They own, alas! no keen sensation short,
A moment by the tragic tale distrest,
But feel repeated pangs that rob the soul of rest,

But

But when old age approaches, silver-grey,
Then with a wond'rous quickness thro' the maze
Of incidents long-past, we bend our way,
And round us with a sweet emotion gaze;
And, as from time no touches could erase
The impression of our youth but mellowed grown,
Behold, perhaps, a tree thro' fancy's maze,
An arbor-bench, that, like ourselves, hath known
The pitiless-beating storm, by sympathy our own.

Soothing to feeble Ossian's pensive soul
Youth's airy vision could the sigh awake.
The soft-reflected forms on memory stole,
Like moonbeams fading from a distant lake;
Or, like the mist that morn's mild glories streak,
Glistening between the hills in long array:
Fair-opening, see the vapoury volume break—
With gradual stealth its colors glide away!
'Twas thus to Ossian's soul appear'd his youthful day.

Lo,

Lo, at that hour when pleasure's dulcet voice
No more shall languish on the deaf'ned ear,
Nor the dim'd eye her glittering lures rejoice,
Nor luxury tempt the taste with genial cheer,
When all the charms of power shall disappear,
We bid the past delightful aid afford ;
And, musing on some scene to childhood dear,
Feel for a moment to the silver chord,
And to the golden bowl their energies restor'd !

The hoar Barzillai, tho' his sovereign's grace
Would add new splendor to the chief's degree,
Yet, panting for his own paternal place,
Stole from the burst of royal minstrelsy,
The blaze of courtly pomp, and festal glee :
To his own walls yet anxious to return,
If Heaven would still sustain the feeble knee,
Behold, he long'd to bless his native bourne,
Resembling, as he drop'd, the silvery sheaf of corn.

Meantime,

Meantime, the local flame *with varying fate*,
Or sinks or brightens. 'Tis not in the pride
Of affluence, or in self-applause elate,
When every gentler feeling we deride
And check the tear to misery's self-denied,
That, fancy-led, we woo the secret power.
Of glens or fountains to the heart allied;
That, from the world retir'd, we court the bower,
Tho' memory's glass present the cloud-unfulfilled hour.

No! we are conscious of the attachment most,
Not in the midst of splendor and of joy;
But when, perhaps, some dear relation lost
We mourn, as all our earthly pleasures cloy:
'Tis then, our fairest prospect to destroy,
We see a brood of woes around us gloom;
And, as an infant grasps the gilded toy,
Cling to the scene that, clad in vernal bloom,
Gives back the former years, to veil our future doom.

If, then, the sympathetic love befriend
Pure virtue; be it yours, ye busy train
Who to the world alone your wishes bend—
O be it yours, ye arrogant and vain,
Whose ears are sooth'd by adulation's strain,
Ingenuous youth's fine ardor to renew:
So shall your native spots thro' life retain
By care untarnisht a delicious hue,
'Till death, array'd in smiles, foreclose the faery view †

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT

WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

My muse unveiling the delightful *source*,

The *power* of friendship for some spot of earth;
Observe of such a sympathy the force,

Far other *midst the soil that marks our birth*,

Than where, *in aftertime*, we rear the hearth,

Tho' the fair domicile Devonian warm:

Yet, if or Darien's straits or Tay's wild firth
That foster'd opening life, attract the swarm
Of fluttering hopes, be ours to paint this mightier
charm.

E

FIRST,

FIRST, airy fancy, (ever prone to sport
At distance) from the present moment flies,
Bids memory to remoter time resort,
And clothes it with her own illusive dyes.
Nor vainly would she spread the soft disguise,
Where watchful reason would detect the cheat,
O'er recent incidents that clearly rise:
But, when the ideal forms far off retreat,
She weaves the magic spell and triumphs in deceit.

Lo, as three distances the landscape crown
With their peculiar hues; the foreground bears
Beneath the eye its vivid green or brown,
The second its more sober olive wears;
But the third distance its faint azure rears,
Or paler purple stealing from the gaze.
Here every object too distinct appears:
Yet, there, amid the soft ærial haze
Fancy may freely range, and her own phantoms raise.

'Tis

'Tis thus in time: and o'er the varied past
If fancy, with excursive rapture, stray,
The middle distance she deserts in haste,
And roves where many an image melts away.
Lo, then, our infancy's unfolding day
We rather prize than periods less remote,
And in the softest perspective survey;
Bidding imaginary pleasures float
Around our earlier home, or hall, or lowly cote.

Yet are there charms that truth herself approves
In the first happy home, which gives us back
Beneath the covert of o'erarching groves,
Of the sweet prime of life the lovely track:
For rosy-featur'd health, that mourns no lack
Of balmy sleep, was wont to wander there,
And innocence, that never knew the rack
Of conscience, thither would in smiles repair,
With mounting spirits light and vacancy from care;

And the dear forms of vanish'd joy, that charm'd
Amidst our frolic sports the exulting heart;
And many an ardent friendship unalarm'd
By cold neglect, or fear of treacherous art;
And confidence whose looks the foul impart;
And elevated hope alert and gay;
While, as at every step new objects start
More brilliant than the blush of orient May,
The little stranger laughs and trips his faery way.—

Musing on such a home, we oft recall
Our childish sports—there urge the circle's flight,
The marble shoot, or strike the flying ball,
Or with young transport rear the buoyant kite;
Or by a tale of some wild prank excite
To mirth the votaries of the drowsy god,
Painting the goblin that one stilly night
Up the long staircase with strange clattering trod,
When fled, amidst the alarm, Grimalkin, walnut-shod!

Pondering

Pondering on such a home, our schoolboy friends

With expectations flusht anew, we meet;

Where, as the wood its ancient umbrage lends,

Perhaps, our fellow-truants fond to greet,

We seem to run, once more, with nimble feet,

Climb the broad beech, and rob the stock-dove's nest!—

But ah! (for bitter mingles still with sweet!)

We shrink amid the closer boughs, distressed

By threats below, that quick our tingling ears arrest.—

Yet, doth the child's distress to pity speak?

Say, doth compassion deem his lot severe,

As the drop trickles down the schoolboy's cheek?

'Tis but a transient drop—a moment's tear—

But a soft April moisture glistening here,

Where cold reflexion never cast a shade!

By hope amus'd, he lives without a fear

Of ills, that may his future peace invade,

And views the coming hours with sky-born tints
array'd.

In such domestic shades embosom'd deep,
If sickness fire the rapid pulse, and pale
Prey on the sunken cheek, and banish sleep;
We catch the spirit of the ambrosial gale,
Where, bath'd amid the blisses of the dale,
Young blooming health her frolic offspring led!
Or, if a pang the conscious heart assail,
There, fluttering peace reclaims her vision fled,
And anguish traces tears, "forgot as soon as shed."

There, if the friend that, round our bosom twin'd,
We rated of the boons of heaven most dear,
Who, seeming of the same congenial mind,
Had shar'd our confidence full many a year—
If such a friend shou'd yet prove insincere;
Quick to a pure asylum we retreat,
And from the haunts of childish converse hear
Echoes of joy, and woe the root-wove seat,
Green banks, or cowslip mead, where hearts in union
beat.

Thus,

Thus, with a fond recurrence to the past,
We feel the "soul upon itself return;"
And, as of many a view the untimely blast
With keen emotions of regret we mourn,
The saws of philosophic science spurn,
But give the local passion all its scope;
And, anxious every sorrow to inurn,
Mid yews antique or up the shrubby slope
Pursue, where first we met, the fair deceiver hope!

Yes! from our cares escap'd, with hoar arcade
Or oak deep-hollow'd by time's cankering tooth,
We hold sweet converse, and trace out the shade
Where blithe to pleasure, ere suspecting ruth,
We smil'd, or caught the sacred words of truth
As on a parent's lips we fondly hung;
And note the trifles that amus'd our youth;
And ponder on the blazon'd hall, that rung
To social mirth when deeds of hardihood were sung.

'Twas thus the ingenuous duke, not fashion-proof,

Who raz'd his ancient gallery ; yet, full soon,

Prop'd, in idea, the dim-pillar'd roof

He lov'd ; and, heedless of his proud saloon,

Still saw in fancy to the wandering moon

The dark-stol'd portraits their long shadows bend ;

And priz'd those feelings, as no vulgar boon,

Which to a crumbling column wont to lend

The social air that speaks an old familiar friend.

And, nestled in their natal groves serene,

Have purpled princes own'd a secret charm

Which all the splendor of the imperial scene

Would idly boast. With youthful ardor warm,

Vespasian triumph'd in his Sabine farm,

Nor chang'd, as fashion urg'd, its veteran hue ;

Nor could thy power, austerer wisdom ! arm

With ice his feeling breast to nature true,

Doating on friendly traits that from a child he drew.

And

And Scotia's lovely queen, dissolv'd in tears,

Mus'd, a fond mourner, o'er receding France:

'Twas the sweet nursery of her infant years,

The gay, the courtly region of romance!

"Farewell (she cried) ye landscapes that entrance

"My youthful bosom—farewell, happy shore!

"What tho' to mount a throne be mine, perchance

"My days of bright serenity are o'er! [more."

"Ah! happy land, farewell! to meet these eyes no

Not thus *he* feels, who in his *afterhome*,

Whether his residence by choice or fate,

Bids memory amid local objects roam

To mark a period of posterior date:

Tho' here, his garden-grove, or lawn relate

The varied story of no vapid fort;

Yet, not so highly doth affection rate

A retrospect for fancy's eye too short,

Where with the glowing heart pale cares but ill com-
port,

Here

Here Amoret, in virgin beauty bright,

Resign'd her blooming honors to his arms ;

Here first, perhaps, his children saw the light,

And chas'd his troubles by their simple charms.

Yet lo ! solitudes, in busier swarms

Hum round, and gather o'er his darkening seat ;

And fear with thoughts of fate his soul alarms ;

When sick'ned fancy flies far off, to meet

A more congenial home, a less disturb'd retreat.

Lo, St. John, in the pride of wisdom clad,

Laughs at the local love, an empty name ;

Scorns the craz'd wretch who woos his kindred shade,

And deems to lucid sense each place the same.

Yet, tho' he smother up the instinctive flame,

So " nobly pensive " in " the Egerian grot,"

Or to his poet's tickled ear declaim ;

Could affectation soothe his sterner lot,

When heaven from every wish remov'd his natal spot?

No!

No! tho' a "St. John's philosophic breast"

Might leave, amid a crowd "of meaner things,"

This fond desire on vulgar hearts imprest,

To weak Vespasian, or such whining kings;

Yet did it smart from exile's secret stings,

And late in life, attracted by each trace

That to a long-lov'd scene remembrance brings,

Flew with impatience to his native place,

There pleas'd, of various life to close the fainting race!

SINCE, then, the home that own'd our earlier life

Accords with spotless innocence and peace;

Let us, retreating from a world of strife,

Amid the silent pause, the soul release

From fore anxieties that oft increase

With growing years by wealth or power beguil'd,

And, as a moment all our troubles cease,

Copy, in those pure haunts where pleasure smil'd,

A type of future bliss, the features of the child.

THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT

WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

Tho', closely with the chords of life entwin'd
The home-enamour'd passion we possess;
And trace it to the sympathizing mind;
Yet doth the *scene*, attractive more or less,
Forms faint or vivid on the heart impress:
Nor doth a *home*, amid *the busy town*,
With images so sweet our bosoms bless,
As in *the still retreat* that woods embrown,
Or where in *ancient halls* our whisker'd fathers frown.

THE

THE local love, to tender musings prone,
Melts o'er the spot in melancholy mood;
And, only tasting luxury when alone,
Would from its quiet haunts the world exclude.
There, buried in the sacred solitude,
It woos rock-shadow'd dales, or meads of gold;
And, as no dull realities intrude,
A long-protracted converse loves to hold
Perhaps with air-bright forms that sparry caves unfold.

If, then, from care and dissipation, rise
In a vain world, thy natal spot be free;
If it be thine to trace back dawning life
Amid the dingle deep, the russet lea,
Familiar to the pensive muse and thee;
If, in secluded groves, from youth thine own,
Whether they shade the Tamar, Trent, or Dee;
Thou catch reflected rays where pleasure shone,
Thou hast a store of bliss to citted throngs unknown.

'Tis

'Tis not the native of the crouded mart,
Where streaming pendants tinge the flashing tide,
Who with a secret triumph of the heart
Enjoys the scene that thousands share beside.

No—'tis the man whose youth was wont to hide
Mid firs that crest the mountain, or below
Among dim planes—his solitary pride:
'Tis he, who sees, with fascinating glow,
Of his coeval oak the rich-brown umbrage flow.

There, as life's orient beams around us burst,
There, none but parents lent the endearing aid:
There none but faithful dames our childhood nurs'd:
There none but brothers or but sisters play'd:
There haply, wedded to the fostering shade,
We from our earliest day have only seen
The tenants of the mill beside the glade,
And some few huts, perchance, along the green
Where elms round fainted tower yet weave their dark-
ening screen.

Far

Far from the din of towns in stilly shed

Whose roof just brightens to the noonday sun

Enclos'd by chafmed rocks whence, overhead,

The white goat hangs amid the coppice dun

With beard wild-floating, and the kidlings run
Along the precipice with heedless range,

The Cambrian ends his days as he begun;

Nor, fasten'd to his native crags, would change

His little glimmering dell for richly-pastur'd grange.

And if in shades our deep-sequester'd place

Not only far escape the prying ken,

But long was deem'd appropriate to our race;

To the hoar cottage in the willowy fen

We steal with rapture from the walks of men,

Linkt to our dwelling by still closer ties;

Or mark the mansion that o'erlooks the glen

Where dim the visions of our fathers rise,

Rearing its awful front amidst Elysian skies.

Yes!

Yes ! tho' the vulgar life but ill become
The local passion, yet a flame unchill'd
Burns in the rustic breast attacht to home :
And oft with pleasure hath the peasant thrill'd,
As the same acres that his grandfire till'd,
He furrow'd with his clod-compelling plough;
Or with the woodman's wonted echoes fill'd
The copse, or shap'd to its old form the mow,
Or bless'd with custom'd rites the teeming orchard bough.

Where rich Devonian boasts her greener hills,
And cliffs that redden o'er the billowy swell,
And vallies water'd by a thousand rills
While vainly flames pale Sirius, could I tell
The homely blessings that endear the dell;
Such as attach'd a simple peasant, frore
With age, whose features I remember well,
Bending with fragrant pipe on limeash floor
To crackling ashen blaze, and full of abbey-lore.

Lo! he could trace on Buckfast's sacred ground,
While his low chimney from an ivied nook
Curl'd its grey cloud, the abbey's hoary bound,
And point where once, ere fate the chapel shook,
Each father op'd the brass-embossed book,
Or note the cellar's space—to shew how vain
All monkish joys; where now the passing crook
Fills, widely-branching, the wet shadow'd lane
And rough-gambadoed squires the genial spot profane.

Off from this ruin, thro' the narrow dale,
He hears the struggling boughs to Eurus crash,
Where, o'er the tuftings of the low sweet-gale,
From broken crags above, the light-leav'd ash
Streams pendulous, and torrents as they wash
Its whitening roots, foam round with fretful searh,
Or sparkles from the deep-bas'd granite dash;
Whilst the pale purple of the spiral birch
Skirting the distant view, half-hides the steepled church.

Happy

Happy old man! tho' stranger to the town

Whence, duly solemn, the slow curfew toll'd,

Yet, from his shelter'd combe and upland down,

He wisely read the seasons as they roll'd;

Whether his hazel-hedges 'gan unfold

The first sweet promise of the purple year,

Or his green summer meads were sprent with gold,

Or autumn choak'd with elmy foliage fear

His brook, or drop'd the eaves to winter's breath austere.

Nor idly on his cot the sunbeams fall

Within the circle of each little day;

While thro' the lattice, chequering his white wall,

He sees the hours in dancing radiance play;

And by the morn's first trembling lustre grey

Rouses the snoring ploughboy to his task;

And loves, as the deep shadow marks noonday,

With legendary looks that audience ask,

On smoothworn oaken bench, in sunny beam to bask.

Here, as his thin locks glitter to the sun,

See, just escap'd the hollies of his fence,

A rill beside his feet o'er pebbles run,

To soothe with gurgling sound the drowsy sense,

And coolness to the fervid air dispense

Where gleam beneath the casement his trim hives :

Nor need the humming labourers wander hence,

To waste on distant flowers their little lives ; [thrives.

Here spreads pale rosemarine, and there the thyme bank,

Of would he cry : " That walnut waving wild,

" My grandfire planted by the torrent's foam ;

" I grasp'd its feeble stem when yet a child :

" It quiver'd, as he heap'd the glowing loam.

" E'en from my grandfire's days, averse to roam,

" Here have I turn'd, each year, yon sloping ground ;

" And met the jocund hinds at harvest-home ;

" And bade on the heap'd floor the flail resound,

" And press'd my orchard fruit within the reeking
pound."

Tho'

Tho' now he droop with age, his friendly staff
Aids him to climb yon hillock, and inhale
The breeze of health, and fresh-returning, quaff
Still whole at heart, his cup of spiced ale,
And on his wholesome fallads still regale;
When as his children's children round him lisp,
Their fancies he delights with many a tale
Of Mab the faery, or of Will-o-wisp,
Or fills their liquorish mouths with racy pippins crisp.

Meantime, in many a tutor'd bosom lives
The local flame, to generous nature true;
And oft to those who boast their lineage, gives
A knightly color, a romantic hue;
When yet, where first the breath of life they drew,
Manerial lords in scutcheon'd state reside,
And, as a tribute to their fathers due,
Maintain, with old hereditary pride,
The ceremonial pomp that fashion's sons deride.

Behold, where colouring the grey skirts of night,
The orient blush on fhaggy Cromla glows,
Till, east away, the blue waves roll in light,
And, melting to the sun, the mists disclose
Each verdant oak that cloaths the hill of roes;
The highland chieftain hails the merry morn:
And up the branchy woods as blithe he goes,
Thro' paths wide-opening, by his fathers worn,
To its old echo winds the long-transmitted horn.

Oft he pursues the wild deer's rapid bound,
And fearless plunges in the mountain stream,
His grey dogs to his bowstring panting round;
Or scales the summits of the cliffs that gleam
O'er the green isles, and lifts the sea-fowl's scream;
Or pours his nectar, mid the feast of shells,
Weaving of other days the trancing dream;
While, as the wonders of the chace he tells
To each high-bosom'd maid, his heart with triumph
swells.

What

What tho' in wrath the forked lightnings break
Upon the horrors of the midnight waste;
Tho' from the chambers of the thunder shriek
The gloomy spirit; what tho' pale hath past
Amid the long chill pauses of the blast
Slow-moving, the prophetic pomp of death;
And to the wan cold moon that, half-o'ercast,
Emerg'd a heap of billowy clouds beneath, [heath?
Trembled in shadowy glare, then vanish'd from the

What tho', where once the helmed battle rang,
Melodious bards shall hymn no more the brave;
Tho' no proud chief shall hear the trumpet's clang
Carborne, but on his long-forgotten grave
The bearded thistle shake, the rank grass wave;
Tho' many a castle's sinking turrets, lone
Amid the dale, no hand essay to save,
Where looks the fox, as the low breezes moan,
Thro' the dim broken arch with hoary moss o'ergrown?

Yet shall the laird, as sovereign of his clan,
Still love to visit his paternal vale;
Still trace the spot, where streams of carnage ran,
And muse on each traditionary tale,
Where rows of penfile armour never fail
To wake the past—the targe, o’ergrown with rust,
The dinted shield, the wide-disjointed mail,
And many a dirk that bloody scales encrust,
Which tell of battling chiefs, and call them from the dust.

Such are the feelings scorn’d by those, who shift
Their place, unceasing—dissipation’s spawn
That float upon the world’s broad stream adrift!
See the light heir, far off by fashion drawn,
Without a sigh forsake the pathless lawn,
The dome devoted once to frolic glee:
No sweet sensations o’er his bosom dawn,
Tho’ groves that wav’d in ancient days he see—
No charm can he perceive in time-worn tower or tree.

Yet

Yet the gay youth, who glitters thro' the crowd,
When droops by pain assail'd his throbbing head;
Yet all the rich, the pamper'd, and the proud
When death's terrific shadows round them spread,
Shall hail that home so long from memory fled!
Yet, when the fashions shall no more exalt
The buoyant heart with dreams by folly bred,
Nor pleasure with her harlot smile assault;
Its last fond sigh shall seek the still paternal vault:

Low on his pillow fortune's minion lies:

Home, once again, a moment, soothes his breast:
"O bear me to my castled park (he cries),
Bear but these relics where my fathers rest!"
While, as the ideal hearse, with trappings drest,
O'er many a mile in slow procession glooms;
Amidst the emblazon'd arms, the mottoed crest
Each little earth-born vanity assumes
A trembling feat, or courts the long, long nodding
plumes!

AND,

AND, O! believe the muse unvers't in art,
Retirement holds a mirror, to reflect
To meditation's eye, the expanded heart;
When, ere it glistens with vain colors deckt
Full oft the lurking foible we detect
Amid the secret folds a sluggish worm!
And if, as troubles darken, we collect
Of vernal peace and joy each scattering form,
How sweet, from such a home, to smile upon the storm!

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT

WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

Written in 1791, on a Visit to the Author's paternal Seat, during
his Recovery from a violent Illness.

ΟΙΔΑ ΚΑΙ ΑΥΤΟΣ
ΩΣ ΟΥΔΕΝ ΓΑΤΚΙΟΝ ΗΣ ΠΑΤΡΙΔΟΣ.

AN instinct of the universal mind,
Lo, rising to a vivid ardor, glows
The local passion, when in *souls refin'd*
It breathes; and, *after absence*, bliss bestows;
And o'er *the free, the untainted* bosom flows;
And *the heart soften'd by distress* inspires;
And seeks, in *scenes of early youth*, repose;
And to a still *secluded spot* retires;
And consecrates a *home where liv'd and died our fires*.

THEN,

THEN, O ye woods, perhaps in kind relief;

Ye wave, the sighs of such a heart to suit—

Ye conscious woods, that, rustling, soothe my grief

Now plaintive as a tone from pity's lute;

That now, as sinks each leafy murmur, mute,

Bid e'en the untrembling aspin pause on air;

Alas! with many a feeling too acute,

From your lov'd haunts twas mine to wander far!

Yet not a feeling died, extinct thro' sordid care.

How wearisome "the race my feet have run,"

Since on this green I gather'd infant flowers!

Ah! little dream'd I, when life's morn begun,

That I should pass my exile-saddening hours,

Where pale amidst her cloud affliction lours;

Where sickness gives to bitter tears the night:

Yet, distant from *Polwbele's* deserted bowers,

Hath sorrow, tainting the purpureal light,

Render'd those prospects dim, which once were lovely-

bright.

Each

Each object by a few short years how chang'd!

The hall, where once we hail'd the cheerful blaze;

The chairs in social order once arrang'd;

Those mouldering pannels where we us'd to gaze

On the light shadework that in many a maze

Danc'd to the foliage of yon falling elm,

While evening ting'd its boughs with saffron rays;

Those portraits, where the golden-pictur'd helm—

The hauberks' mimic steel, dark webs and dust o'erwhelm.

And, as the parlour-hinges harshly grate,

The torn prints flutter but the type of me,—

Where once so warm each crimson-gleaming seat,

And once so rich appear'd the soft settee;

Where, the flower'd carpet as I trod with glee,

The mirror would reflect my frolic smile;

Where from yon screen, once wrought in filligree

By some old aunt with ill-requited toil,

I oft the spangles pick'd, and look'd askance the while.

There

There too, above the round-archt portal, hung
The branching antlers of a forest-deer,
For whom with hounds and horn the deep dales rung.
But, as enamour'd of the wild-wood cheer,
Full many a moon o'er vallies, far and near,
He ran, and seem'd to scorn the murderous crew;
Till, where the tops of yon oaks scarce appear,
The gunner bade his blood the copse imbrue—
Yet e'en that relic pale is vanish'd from the view!

Drear is the sun-clad wall, where erst at noon
I bask'd beneath the yet unblushing fruit;
Oft as the gardener's skill was wont to prune
From the rich nectarine each luxuriant shoot,
Or net to every train'd morella fruit.
And lo! where light its twinkling florets play'd,
The dark-green jasmine shrivell'd to its root!
And the grass-walk, where sighs the poplar-shade,
Sinks deep at every step with leaves and moss o'erlaid.

And

And see, beyond the garden's northern bound,

The ruin'd cottage, to the blasts of heav'n

Unroof'd, and crumbled to a naked mound!

There, ere its walls by cruel time were riv'n,

The rays of sweet domestic peace were giv'n

To bless the cot! The wicket, where it hung,

Yet to and fro I view, in fancy, driv'n;

And swinging careless there, as erst I swung,

Again the good old hind attack with flippant tongue.

Alas! the chestnut on yon slaty steep

That the wild eddies of the westwind brav'd,

Displays no more its vesture shadowy-deep,

Nor, late dismantled as the tempest rav'd,

Waves the fair blossoms which it whilom wav'd!

And lo! its wither'd roots no longer gleam

Thro' the clear riv'let that its fibres lav'd—

There, where the pigeon-cote that met the beam

Of morn, now prostrate lies, amid the brawling stream.

Lorn is the landscape, since the blissful prime,

When on the daisy-darting sod I play'd,

Caught the quick radiance quiv'ring thro' the lime,

Breath'd the fresh odors of its evening shade,

And on its bark the rude impression made—

E'en now, half-crusted o'er, the name appears!

And, where my school-companions cross'd the glade,

Lo! other sweet memorials wakening tears, [years!

Wear, like the joys they speak, the pale cold damp of

And, not averse to many an agile prank,

Full oft our little hands essay'd to reach

The sun-brown catharine, from the shelving bank;

Or pluck'd in haste the downy-purpled peach;

Or gave the magpie, nestling in her beech,

The coal-streakt eggs of barn-door hen to hatch;

Or, scrambling thro' the brake where howlets screech,

Seiz'd the sharp-clawing young with wild dispatch;

Or lur'd, by lanthorn-light, the sparrows from the thatch!

But,

But, in a gentler hour, an airy troop
Of school-imps from the town, I lov'd to hail;
And, fond to mingle with the tittering groupe,
For them would pick the sorrel of the dale,
The wall-flower brightening by the garden-rail,
The soft anemone, the gay jonquil;
Or, midst its leaves detect the strawberry pale,
Some future day resolv'd to eat our fill;
Or seek green apples crude, ascending the rough hill.

Still in the cause of female beauty staunch,
For them I climb'd that silk-worm tree decay'd,
And briskly shook the berry-teeming branch;
Whilst with her open mouth each wanton maid
Catching the juicy fruit, her skill display'd!
When, oft as I remark'd, approaching fly,
Their chins that, stain'd so red, the freak betray'd;
Some pretty Thisbe wink'd her roguish eye,
And squeez'd upon my face the berry's sanguine dye.

Nor seldom, by a rompish girl amus'd,

I pluck'd the yellow ribbon from her cap,

That on the roseteint of her cheeks diffus'd

A flushing light as wild she aim'd a flap!

Then, as with hazel-nuts I fill'd her lap,

Or strung for her white neck the berries brown,

Then (tho' my face would rue the sad mishap)

With sudden jerk I threw the damsel down,

Yet stole a lurking smile beneath her mimic frown.

And I would oft, to soberer pleasures prone,

Observe my parent the young cherry plant;

Visit the swelling beds with acorns sown,

And mark, if his red oaklings thick or scant

Sprung up, or if his vigorous grafts might want

The pruning hand; or wind, at evening grey,

Up the deep coppice, from the woodcock's haunt,

And, anxious for the few last gleams of day,

Mid opening pines arrest the poor bird's twilight way.

But

But ah, my fire! how fleeting is the view

Of pleasures shar'd with thee!—E'en now I shed
Fresh tears; in fancy all my griefs renew;

And wring my little hands beside thy bed;
Press thy cold lips, and pillow up thy head!
Yet by a sweet remembrance sooth'd, I tell

How with a placid smile thy spirit fled;
And on those charities delight to dwell
Which I ador'd in death, and lov'd in life so well!

And *she*, congenial mind!—*she*, too, is gone,

Whose cherub features yet the scene endear—
She, whom a brother's love with pride shall own,
As long as love shall heave the sigh sincere!

Thy lively voice yet vibrates on my ear,
While on thy favourite crocus' golden hue,

Thy lily's tender tint, I drop a tear;
While I again salute as life were new,
Thy garden's southern hedge, where peep'd the hare-
bell blue.

Yes! where the lilacs flaunt their vagrant shade,
With thee I seem to haste, as once we hied,
To the trim spot, and wield my careless spade,
And plant thy roots, the funny fence beside,
And prop thy hyacinth's, thy tulip's pride;
Or listen to thy woodnotes clear and sweet;
And bid thy gentle redbreast there abide—
Poor cheerless bird! still fond thy form to meet,
Still hopping o'er each print that marks thy little feet!

'Twas there the blackbird built his early nest,
Plastering its neatly-fibred round with clay;
And, seeming in a narrow circuit blest,
Swell'd to the morning light his sprightly lay.
And there, while fleecy clouds sunk west away,
Thy own melodious robin pour'd her throat,
Nor ceas'd, tho' all around were dusky grey!
E'en now, the melancholy warblings float—
I see thee trac'd, as erst, by every pensive note!

Such

Such was the faery moment, when I chas'd
The glitter of the rainbow, yet a boy;
When each new form my lively hopes embrac'd;
When each short sorrow was absorb'd in joy.
But ah! full soon I heav'd a deep'ning sigh—
Full soon I felt the enthusiast's kindling fire
As nature open'd to my eager eye!
Then expectation and high-flusht desire
To wilder minstrel tones awak'd my trembling lyre.

O ye green woodwalks! breathing fresh delight!
Ye glens, where fond imagination stray'd;
Yet once again, in summer-foliage bright,
O fold me in your health-restoring shade!
Ye breezes, that on wings of rapture play'd
To raise on my young cheeks the rosy bloom,
O give me back those spirits that fast fade
Damp'd by the world! One moment, yet relume
My lamp of life that faints amid the gathering gloom!

How oft, where your full umbrage, wave on wave,
 Floated on air, in sweet delirium lost,
I rov'd; and fought at eve the dripping cave;
 And, as the lunar hour I valued most,
Welcom'd the line of dancing light that crost
The pond's deep shadow, or the still repose
 Of moonlov'd bank, that seem'd to sleep in frost—
Delicious at the day's solstitial close, [rose.
Or the rush gleaming green, where lambent meteors

And when the plane was tawny-rob'd; when glow'd
 The scarlet sycamore; when pale the lime
Tinctur'd by autumn's magic pencil flow'd;
 When shone each polisht trunk, or, white from rime,
Glimmer'd beneath the gradual touch of time;
When calm the lucent cloud seem'd clad with dew,
 Veiling the sun ere yet he pour'd, sublime,
O'er the film-netted field a thousand hues;
Listening to every leaf, I hail'd the varied views!

But,

But, with my muse, accordant, the sad air
Of sable-cinctur'd winter, charm'd my mind;
When down the slope of yonder orchard bare
And stript of every shelter, unconfin'd
Darted my eye, and saw the valley wind
Round the dun hill. And oft, alert and brisk,
My balmy spirits danc'd, tho' deep-enshrin'd
In frosty mist appear'd the solar disk,
While on yon croft I view'd my kindred lambkins frisk.

And, as with one dark aspect, were embrown'd
The furzy upland, plash, or filbert-hedge;
Pleas'd have I heard the bittern's croak resound
Amidst the crackling of the tangled fedge;
Or saunter'd at the pool's pale-osier'd edge,
Startling the wild duck; or, as clear and still
Stream'd the frost-ether, listen'd from that ledge
Of rockstone, to the hern's shriek echoing-shrill;
Or the grey plover ey'd, far-wheeling round the hill.

Amid these walks my mounting spirit flew
Up to the proudest times of old renown ;
When a long lineage I too fondly drew,
And saw the glittering vane its turret crown,
And mark'd around the moat, a vassal-town!
But ah ! descending into Charles's days,
That spirit sunk before the blasting frown
Of dire usurpers fiercely-leagu'd to raze
Each monument of fair hereditary praise.

Yet, tho' I mus'd upon heroic worth,
(Fostering, alas ! a vain transmitted pride)
Of sweet emotions soon I trac'd the birth ;
And, since congenial feelings were denied
Mid social circles, by the gelid side
Of woodbin'd fountain breath'd my amorous flame,
As from my lips half-utter'd murmurs died !
And, as I strove to speak Eliza's name,
Tho' plunging into shade, I blush'd for conscious
shame.

'Twas thus I told my passion to these groves

That in soft whispers o'er their inmate hung—

But oh! not long, to nurse my lonely loves,

Their "spreading favor" friendly shadows flung.

Full soon the pangs of parting anguish wrung

My bosom, as I bade these groves adieu!

"Ah! never more, to aid my faltering tongue,

Shall your soft whispers, to my passion true,

Repeat, how closely-linkt young love and fancy grew!"

Then, as to other tenants I resign'd

My genial meads, my dear paternal walls,

How many a forrowing look I cast behind!

And, tho' immur'd where pale-ey'd science calls

Her votaries to the pomp of learned halls,

Long'd to revisit this sweet solitude—

Where I might guide romantic waterfalls,

Form into wavy lawn yon hillocks rude,

And mid creations fair, poetic visions brood.

But ah! 'twas mine, beneath far other bowers,

To wooe the muses to my Laura's praise—

Tho' brilliant, Laura! not serene as ours!

Ah! little suited to my Dorian lays!

What tho' a Courtenay's lively taste may raise

Groves ever green, and landscapes ever new;

What tho' he bid exotic Flora blaze,

Her gorgeous blooms unfolding to the view;

Yet I prefer these fields and downs of russet hue.

What tho' a Lisburne clothe the umbrageous height

With sweeping vest, and scoop the vermeil dale,

And give to all the sport of faery light

The dark-rich wood, the far-retiring vale,

The hamlet, the dim tower, the gliding fail;

What tho' a Swete his gothic cot may rear,

His mimic gateway deck with ivy pale,

Or lull with tortuous streams the drowsied ear;

Still, "as the needle true," my wishes tremble here!

What

What tho', where Haldon lifts its flinty head,
What tho', where erst its savage grandeur frown'd,
A Palk the gentler smile of beauty spread,
Soft blooms, romantic verdure glowing round;
Tho', where the hand of classic skill hath crown'd
His pinewoods with a proud piazza'd dome,
He bid the voice of friendly mirth resound;
And, patron of the muses, ope the tome
To learning's sons, I still prefer my humbler home.

Yet, mid Devonian scenes, how sweet the flow
Of souls by genius fir'd—refin'd by taste!
And I should bid Elysium round me glow,
If they who own the friendly pleasures chaste
This lowly villa with their converse grac'd—
Downman, the first in phyfic as in song;
And Burrington, whom learning hath embrac'd
Her favourite child; and Jones, to whom belong
Talents that bear him high above the toga'd throng.

Nor less, ye lovely nymphs, your converse kind,

Chasing thy yawn, Ennui ! from learned ease,

With fascination lures my ductile mind:

Witness the placid Julia, as the breeze

That whispers o'er the calm of summer seas

When halcyon skims the wave with emerald wing;

Whose smiles the turbulence of wrath appease;

To cheering light the spleen-dark spirit bring, [sting.

And heal the festering wound from pale affliction's

And lo, the maid! who far from Isca roves

Where sister-waves with Tavy's stream unite,

Who charms with melting tones the secret groves ;

Whose innocence and candor, vestal-white,

Live in the lustre of their native light;

Whose polished manners might a court adorn ;

The radiance of whose eyes beam heavenly-bright;

Whose blush, of sweet-retiring meekness born,

Glow, like the crimson beam, that mantles to the
morn!

BUT

BUT ah! the joys of youth, of health are o'er!

And I am sunk with trembling frame too low

To feel the charm of polish'd converse more—

To breathe ecstatic ardors mid the flow

Of harmony! Alas! too well I know

The faintings of disease, to bid the plume

Instinct with all the muse's vivid glow,

Waft me where visionary beauties bloom,

Riot in fields of bliss and disappoint the tomb!

O! since my gaudier hopes no more avail,

Here shelter'd, may I heave a few fond sighs;

And, as the wounded dove o'er hill and dale

To her own nest on flagging pinion flies,

Languish amidst domestic sympathies,

Sooth'd by these shades! Here, after many a blast

Darkening the pale horizon of my skies—

Here, o'er my head the wintry horrors past,

Be mine, in that still pause, at home to breathe my last!

END OF THE POEM, ~~AND OF THE FIRST VOLUME.~~

